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MRS.
PARTINGTON'S
edition
of

# MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

EDITED BY
UNCLE WILLIS

TRATED WITH OVER 100 ENGRAVINGS.

In Uniform Style

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# SONGS FOR OUR DARLINGS

Edited by UNCLE WILLIS

---

Paper 30 cents. Boards 50 cents.

# MRS. PARTINGTON'S

# Mother Goose's Melodies

CONTAINING

ALL THE ORIGINAL RHYMES OF MOTHER GOOSE, BESIDES MANY OTHERS OF A SIMILAR CHARACTER: AND FULL DIRECTIONS FOR COSTUMES AND ACTING SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL PIECES.

WITH

## A CHOICE SELECTION OF MUSIC,

ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO THE RHYMES.

Edited by UNCLE WILLIS.

UNIFORM WITH "SONGS FOR OUR DARLINGS."

BOSTON 1889
LEE AND SHEPARD PUBLISHERS
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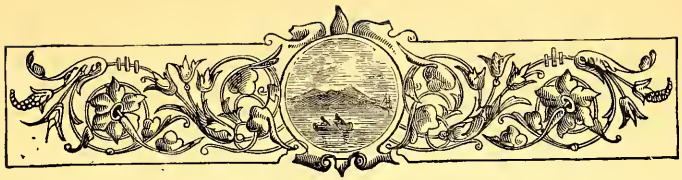

# PREFACE

TO

## MRS. PARTINGTON'S EDITION OF "MOTHER GOOSE."

THE little songs by "Mother Goose" have been the delight of the nursery for nearly two hundred years, and have lost none of their original attractiveness. Children of the rich and poor have listened to them, and learned them, without doubting the identity of Mother Goose, or the truth of her wonderful ditties. "Little Jack Horner," "Jack and Jill," and the "Cow that jumped over the Moon," were verities in the nursery, not to be questioned by the young listeners, who, with open eyes and ears, heard them chanted by loving lips. Some over-wise people have tried to place the dame among the myths, but Mother Goose was a person, and, more than that, a person of Boston, of wealth, and respectability, and warm affection, and sung the songs, or most of them imputed to her, to amuse her own little grandchild, in whom she much delighted. Her eldest daughter, Elizabeth Goose, the mother of this grandchild, was married, in 1715, by the great Dr. Cotton Mather, to Thomas Fleet, a printer, and when the grandchild came upon the stage, the venerable

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Mrs. Goose, in her position of grandmother, grew melodious, and sang to her pet all the little ditties which she had learned when a child herself, being the very ones composing this book. Thomas Fleet was much disturbed by her singing, as he was a studious person, and desired quiet; but all his remonstrances were in vain, and his ridicule was equally futile. The baby must be sung to; and so she went up and down the house singing her songs to the little one. Thomas, being a shrewd man, at last thought he might make a little fun, and perhaps some money, out of the songs, besides indulging in a little malicious feeling against his mother-in-law, by publishing her nonsensical rhymes, as he regarded them; and therefore he gathered them together in a small pamphlet, and issued them with the following title: "Songs for the Nursery; or, Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane. 1719. Price two coppers." And thus were these remarkable melodies first made public. The title, "Mother Goose," given them for the malicious purpose named, proved the grand element of popularity for the songs, which he never dreamed they were to attain. The name is associated with the earliest memories of every one's childhood, the term *Mother* giving a sort of sacredness to the songs she sings. Think of the tender regard with which the old lady has been cherished during so many generations! and the name of Thomas Fleet would have been scarcely known to-day but for its being coupled with hers on the title-page of the book designed to ridicule her. Even "Pudding Lane" is forgotten, except on the old maps. Probably some of the songs were of her own composition, and we can fancy how proudly she must have felt when

she had achieved some new lyric, and sang it to her one auditor, — the representative of unborn millions, — while Thomas Fleet sat with his fingers in his ears, or scolded and fumed in his study, at the ridiculous songs she sung. Yet these ridiculous songs have been published in all the civilized languages of the world, and genius has lately given them grander meanings, and drawn from them morals which even older and wiser heads than those for which they were designed may profit by. Hundreds of editions have been published in our own country, — it would be matter of interest to know how many, — and most of them have been illustrated by pictures of a grotesque character, though worthy of better. In this edition the publishers have paid respect to Art, and have studied to make the pictures in accordance with the text, rendering "Mother Goose" pictorially attractive for her little readers, besides serving to awaken in them a taste for art. And thus the venerable dame appears in a new garb, the old spirit remaining, and moves on to new fields and new triumphs.

All of the original Mother Goose rhymes are in this collection, besides many others of a similar character; and in making this selection we have found material from which we shall, at no distant day, make a volume of Mother Goose's stories.

Mrs A. B. Hunter

# AUTHENTICITY OF MOTHER GOOSE.

WE sent the advanced sheets of "Mother Goose" to the venerable Mrs. Partington, requesting her sagacious opinion regarding the book. After reading, she handed them to Isaac for his examination, while she pursued her domestic avocation. He turned over the leaves carefully and looked at the pictures, reading the luminous text, aloud, with manifest delight.

"Was there ever such a woman as Mother Goose?" he asked, at length.

Mrs. P. looked at him over her spectacles, the consciousness of wisdom beaming from her eyes, while she hovered over the big

earthen pan containing her sponge of bread, which she stirred with a spoon, as if revolving an answer that was somewhere in the bread. She not being naturally a revolver, the process of eduction was slow with her.

"Such a woman!" said she, when her mind had perfectly mastered the situation; "of course there was such a woman, or how could this book be here, with all its songs and pictures contagious? There is no more doubt of her indemtity than there is of mine, and people have followed her perigree back to the original gosling."

"But did she write the songs?" asked Ike, scanning the "little man" with the "little gun," and wishing he had one.

"Perhaps she did, and perhaps she didn't; full as much one as t'other; but if she did or didn't write them, she sung them, which is all we care about, and they have come down to posteritory for us to believe or not — as some do and some don't, — but the book is hers to all intents and porpoises, just as she wabbled them to her grandchildren."

"How did they print 'em if they were not written?" the young critic still queried.

This was rather a poser; but what barrier could stand before the acumen of Mrs. Partington? She said, —

"A funnygraphic colporter took them down short-handed."

As she said this she gave a stab with the spoon into the sponge, as though she were exterminating doubt, and Ike doubted and queried no more. A smiling triumph rested on the serene brow of Mrs. P., and she returned the sheets to the publishers, with her full approval, and the permission to use her name as sponsor for the book.

# MOTHER GOOSE'S MELODIES.

Old Mother Goose, when
She wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

Old King Cole,
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his glass,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

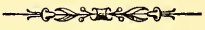
And every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee," said the fiddlers,
"O, there's none so rare
As can compare
With Old King Cole and his fiddlers three!"

Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Says the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Says Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed, I have not any."

Simple Simon went a fishing,
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much,
Which made poor Simon whistle.



Sally, Sally Waters, why are you so sad?
You shall have a husband, either good or bad:
Then rise, Sally Waters, and sprinkle your pan,
For you 're just the young woman to get a nice man.

There was a little man, and he had a little gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead, lead:
He shot David Andrews through the middle of
his wig,
And knocked it right off his head, head, head.

Girls and boys, come out to play;
The moon doth shine as bright as day!
Leave your supper, leave your sleep,
And come with your playfellows into the street.
Come with a whoop, come with a call,
Come with a good will or not at all!
Up the ladder and down the wall;
A half-penny roll will serve us all.
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

This pig went to market,
This pig stayed at home;
This pig had roast beef,
This pig had none;
This pig said, Wee, wee, wee,
I can't find my way home!

Come, butter, come;
Come, butter, come;
Willie stands at the gate,
Waiting for a buttered cake.
Come, butter, come!

Come when you're called.
Do what you're bid.
Shut the door after you.
Never be chid.

As I was going to St. Ives,
I met a man with seven wives!
Every wife had seven sacks;
Every sack had seven cats;
Every cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
How many were there going to St. Ives?

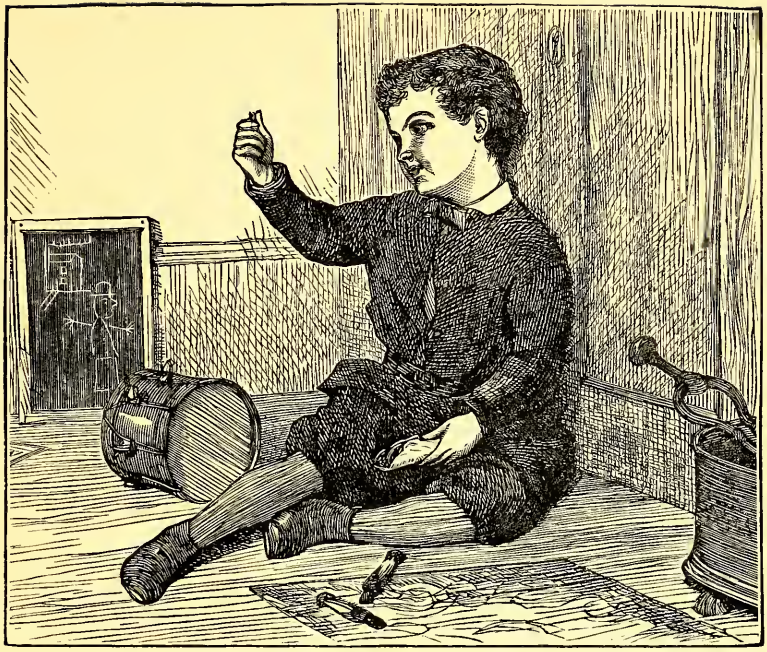
Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened,
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?

The king was in the parlor,
Counting out his money;
The queen was in the kitchen,
Eating bread and honey;

The maid was in the garden,
Hanging out the clothes;
There came a little blackbird
And nipped off her nose.

Jenny was so mad,
She didn't know what to do;
She put her finger in her ear,
And cracked it right in two.



Little Jack Horner sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

A, B, C, tumble-down D,
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
Betwixt them both they cleared the plate,
And licked the platter clean.

A little brown-sparrow sat on a pine tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a little boy came by with his bow and arrow:
Says he, "I will shoot the little brown-sparrow.

"His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his giblets will make me a little pie, too."
Says the little brown-sparrow, "I'll be shot if I stay!"
So he clapped his wings, and flew away.

Little boy blue, come, blow up your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn;
Where's the little boy that tends the sheep?
He's under the haycock fast asleep.
Go wake him, go wake him! O no, not I;
For if I do he will certainly cry.

As I was going to sell my eggs,
I met a man with bandy legs;
Bandy legs and crooked toes,
I tripped up his heels and he fell on
his nose.

There was an old woman, her name it was Peg;
Her head was of wood, and she wore a cork leg;
The neighbors all pitched her into the water, —
Her leg was drowned first, and her head followed
after.

Little Tommy Tucker, sing for your supper.
What shall I sing? White bread and butter.
How shall I cut it without any knife?
How shall I marry without any wife?

A little boy went into a barn,
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy — ran away.

Here comes a poor woman from Babylon,
With three small children all alone;
One can brew, and one can bake,
The other can make a pretty round cake.

One can sit in the arbor and spin;
Another can make a fine bed for the king;
Choose the one and leave the rest,
And take the one you love the best.

There was a little man,
And he wooed a little maid,
And he said, Little maid, will you wed, wed, wed?
I have little more to say
Than will you, yea or nay;
For the least said is soonest mended, ded, ded.

The little maid replied,
Some say a little sighed,
But what shall we have to eat, eat, eat?
Will the love that you're so rich in,
Make the fire in the kitchen,
Or the little god of Love turn the spit, spit, spit?

Miss Jane had a bag, and a mouse was in it;
She opened the bag, and he was out in a minute;
The cat saw him jump, and run under the table,
And the dog said, Catch him, Puss, if you are able.

Hark, hark, hark,
The dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags,
Some in jags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Take this! What's this? Hewley pewley.
Where's my share? About the kite's neck.
Where's the kite? Flown to the wood.
Where's the wood? The fire has burnt it.
Where's the fire? The water has quenched it.
Where's the water? The ox has drunk it.
Where's the ox? The butcher has killed it.
Where's the butcher? The rope has hanged him.
Where's the rope? The rat has gnawed it.
Where's the rat? The cat has killed it.
Where's the cat? Behind the church door, cracking pebble-stones and marrow-bones for your and my supper, and the one who speaks first shall have a box on the ear.

Lady bird, lady bird, fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone!
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding pan.

Little Bo-peep has lost her sheep,
And can't tell where to find them;
Leave them alone, and they'll come home,
And bring their tails behind them.

Little Bo-peep fell fast asleep,
And dreamed she heard them bleating;
But when she awoke, she found it a joke,
For they were still a-fleeting.

Then she took up her little crook,
Determined for to find them;
She found them indeed,
But it made her heart bleed,
For they'd left all their tails behind 'em!

There was an old man,
And he had a calf;
And that's half.
He took him out of the stall,
And put him on the wall;
And that's all.

When I was a little boy I lived by myself,
And all the bread and cheese I got I put upon
the shelf;
The rats and the mice did lead me such a life,
I was forced to go to London and buy me a wife;

The streets were so broad, and the lanes were
so narrow,
I could not get my wife home without a wheel-
barrow;
The wheelbarrow broke, my wife got a fall,
Down tumbled wheelbarrow, wife and all.

There were two blind men went to see
Two cripples run a race;
The bull did fight the bumble-bee,
And scratched him on the face.

Snail, snail, come out of your hole,
Or else I will beat you as black as a coal.

Hush-a-bye baby,
Daddy is near;
Mammy's a lady,
And that's very clear.

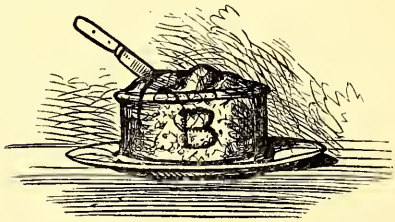
Hush-a-bye baby, on the tree top,
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock;
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall;
Down will come baby, cradle and all!

Little Poll Parrot
Sat in her garret,
Eating toast and tea;
A little brown mouse,
Jumped into the house,
And stole it all away.

Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They were two bonny lasses;
They built a house upon the lea,
And covered it o'er with rushes.

Bessy kept the garden gate,
And Mary kept the pantry;
Bessy always had to wait,
While Mary lived in plenty.

Pat a cake, pat a cake, baker's man;
So I will, master, as fast as I can.
Pick it and pat it, and mark it with B,
And put it in the oven for Willie and me.



Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl,
And if the bowl had been stronger
My song had been longer.

Hey diddle, dinketty, popety, pet,
The merchants of London they wear scarlet;
Silk in the collar, and gold in the hem,
So merrily march the merchant men.

There were two blackbirds
  Sitting on a hill;
One was named Jack,
  The other named Jill.
    Fly away, Jack!
    Fly away, Jill!
    Come again, Jack!
    Come again, Jill!

Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
Polly, put the kettle on,
  And let's drink tea.

Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
Sukey, take it off again,
  They're all gone away.

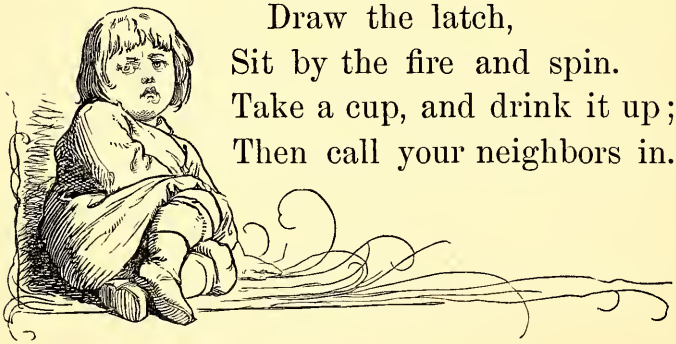
A little old man of Derby,
And how do you think he served me?
He took away my bread and cheese,
And that is how he served me.

Blow, wind, blow — and go, mill, go —
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it, and into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.

There was a man, and he had nought,
And robbers came to rob him;
He crept up to the chimney-pot,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down on t'other side,
And then they could not find him;
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

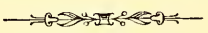
Old Abram Grimes is dead and gone!
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear an old brown coat
That buttoned down before.

Cross patch,
Draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin.
Take a cup, and drink it up;
Then call your neighbors in.

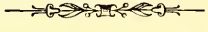


Jack and Jill went up the hill,
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

On Christmas, eve I turned the spit,
I burned my fingers, I feel it yet;
My canary flew over the table;
And the pot began to swallow the ladle.

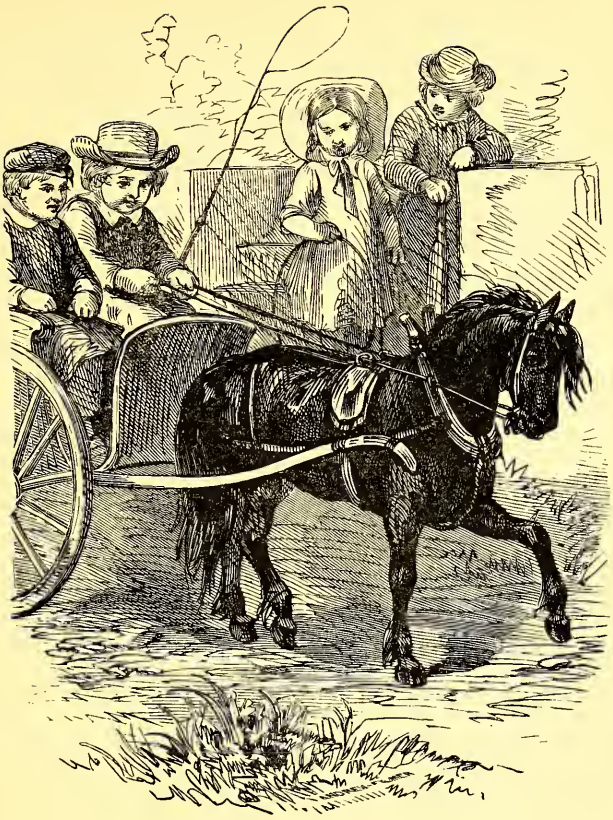


You shall have an apple,
You shall have a plum;
You shall have a rattle-basket,
When your dad comes home.



Robbin a-Robbin bent his bow,
He shot at a woodcock, and killed a doe.
The doe cried baa! and he ran away,
Never to come back till midsummer day.

A good child, a good child,
As I suppose you be,
Never laughed nor smiled
At the tickling of your knee.



A horse and cart
Had Billy Smart,
To play when it pleased him.
The cart he'd load
By the side of the road,
And be happy if no one teased him.

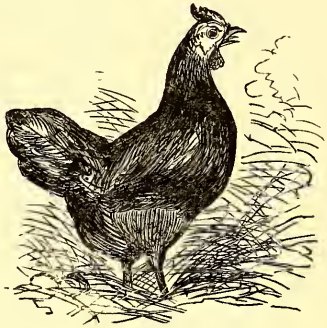
I had a little hen, the prettiest ever seen;
She washed me the dishes, and kept the house clean.
She went to the mill to fetch me some flour,
She brought it home in less than an hour.
She baked me my bread; she brewed me my ale;
She sat by the fire, and told many a fine tale.

I will sing you a song
Of the days that are long;
Of the woodcock and sparrow,
  Of the little dog that burnt his tail;
And he shall be whipped to-morrow.

Needles and pins, needles and pins,
When a man marries his trouble begins.

There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who lived in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its utmost extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

Higgleby, piggleby, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Sometimes nine and sometimes ten;
Higgleby, piggleby, my black hen.



I had a little dog, and his name was Blue Bell,
I gave him some work, and he did it very well.
I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
He stepped into the coal-scuttle up to the chin.
I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
He tumbled down, and fell in a rage.
I sent him to the cellar to draw a pot of beer,
He came up again, and said there was none there.

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run!
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom run crying down the street.

Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan,
I'll have a piper to be my good man;
And if I get less meat, I shall get game;
Doodledy, doodledy, doodledy, dan.

Hey ding-a-ding, what shall I sing—
How many holes in a skimmer?
Four and twenty, my stomach is empty;
Pray, mamma, give me some dinner.

Sing jigmijole, the pudding bowl,
The table, and the frame;
My master he did cudgel me
For speaking of my dame.

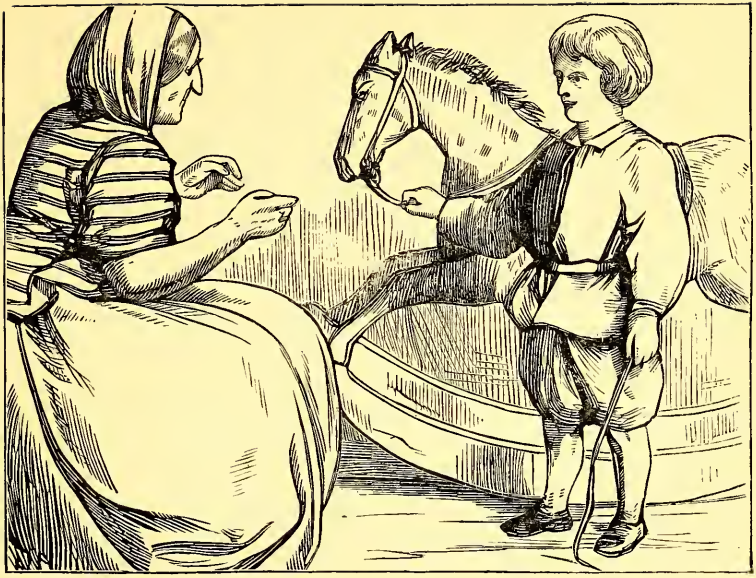
Feedum, fiddledum fee,
The cat's got into the tree.
Pussy, come down,
Or I'll crack your crown,
And toss you into the sea.

See, saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed, and lay on straw.

The man in the moon
Came down too soon
To inquire his way to Norwich;
He went by the South,
And burnt his mouth
With eating cold plum porridge.

The little black dog ran round the house,
And set the bull a-roaring,
And drove the monkey in the boat,
Who set the oars a-rowing,
And scared the cock upon the rock,
Who cracked his throat with crowing.

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink!
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet;
And yet this old woman could never be quiet!



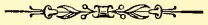
I had a little hobby horse,
And it was dapple gray;
Its head was made of pea-straw,
Its tail was made of hay.
I sold it to an old woman
For a copper groat;
And I'll not sing my song again
Without a new coat.

Our saucy boy, Dick,
Had a nice little stick,
  Cut from a hawthorn tree;
And with this pretty stick
He thought he could beat
  A boy much bigger than he.
But the boy turned quick,
And fetched him a lick,
Which so frightened poor Dick,
  That without more delay,
  He ran quite away,
And threw aside his stick.

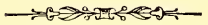
To market, to market, to buy a plum bun!
Home again, home again, market is done.

Three blind mice, see how they run!
They all ran after the farmer's wife,
Who cut off their tails with a carving knife;
Did you ever see such a sight in all your life?

Baby and I were baked in a pie;
The gravy was wonderfully hot.
We had nothing to pay the baker that day,
And so we crept out of the pot.



Peter White will ne'er go right;
And do you know why?
He follows his nose, where'er he goes,
And that stands all awry.



Hannah Bantry, in the pantry,
Eating a mutton bone.
How she gnawed it, how she clawed it,
When she found she was alone!

The Quaker's wife got up to bake,
Her children all about her;
She gave them every one a cake;
And the miller wants his moulter.

There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who was smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird, called a snipe,
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

There was an old woman in Surrey,
Who was morn, noon, and night in a hurry;
Called her husband a fool,
Drove the children to school,
The hurrying old woman of Surrey.

Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, with a white foot,
When is your wedding? for I'll come to't;
The beer's to brew, the bread's to bake;
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, don't be too late!

Little Johnny Pringle had a little pig;
It was not very little, nor was it very big;
As it was playing beneath the shed,
In half a minute poor Piggie was dead!

So Johnny Pringle sat down and cried,
And Betty Pringle she laid down and died!
This is the history of one, two, and three, —
Johnny Pringle, Betty Pringle, and Piggie Wiggie.

A carrion crow sat on an oak,
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle, hi-ding-do,
Watching a tailor shaping his cloak;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle, hi-ding-do.

Wife, wife, bring me my bow,
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle, hi-ding-do,
That I may shoot yon carrion crow;
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle, hi-ding-do.

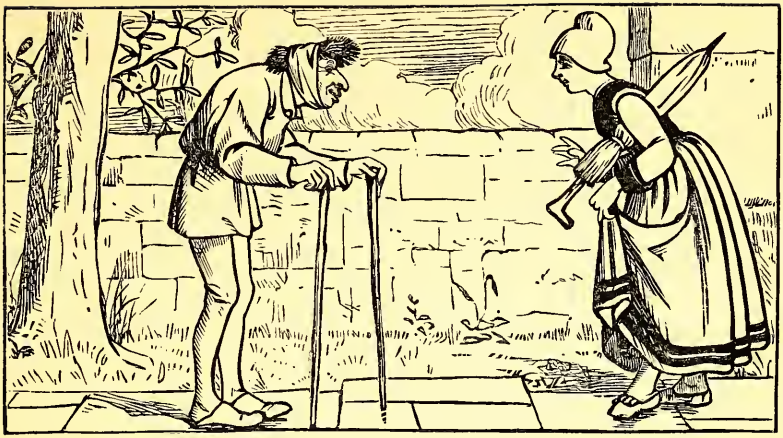
The tailor he shot, and missed his mark,
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle, hi-ding-do ;
And shot his own pig right through the heart,
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle, hi-ding-do.

Wife, wife, bring brandy in a spoon !
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle, hi-ding-do,
For our old pig is in a swoon !
Sing heigh-ho, the carrion crow,
Fol-de-riddle, lol-de-riddle, hi-ding-do.

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy,
Loves plum cake and sugar candy;
He bought some at a candy shop,
And out he came, hop, hop, hop.

Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
Is in the mickle wood!
Little John, Little John,
He to the town is gone!
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
  Is telling his beads,
All in the green wood,
  Among the green weeds.
Little John, Little John,
  If he comes no more,
Robin Hood, Robin Hood,
  He will fret full sore!

Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
Poor old Robinson Crusoe,
  They made him a coat
  Of an old nanny goat.
I wonder how they could do so?
  With a ring-a-ting-tang,
  And a ring-a-ting-tang.
Poor old Robinson Crusoe!



One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather;
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin, —
"How do you do?" and "How do you do?"
And "How do you do again?"

I doubt, I doubt, my fire is out;
My little wife isn't at home;
I'll saddle my dog, and I'll bridle my cat,
And I'll go fetch my little wife home.

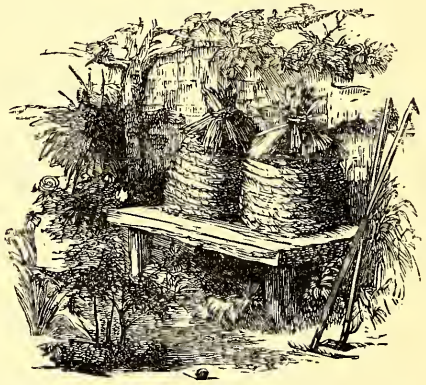
There was an old woman lived under the hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still;
Baked apples she sold and cranberry pies,
And she's the old woman who never told lies.

Over the water and over the sea,
And over the water to Willie,
I'll have none of your nasty beef,
Nor I'll have none of your barley;
But I'll have some of your best flour,
To make a white cake for Willie.

Ding dong bell,
Pussy 's in the well!
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Big Johnny Stout.
What a naughty boy was that
To drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
But killed the mice in his father's barn!

Two gray kits, and the gray kits' mother,
All went over the bridge together;
The bridge broke down: they all fell in.
"May the rats go with you," says Tom Bolin.

Bless you, bless you, burnie bee;
Say, when will your wedding be?
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.



There was an old man had three sons,
Jeffery, James, and Jack.
Jeffery was hanged, and James was drowned,
And Jack was lost, so he could not be found.
And the old man fell into a swoon,
For want of a cup of sack.

"To bed, to bed!" says Sleepy-head;
"Let's stay awhile," says Slow;
"Put on the pot," says Greedy-gut,
"We'll sup before we go."

Little King Boggen, he built a fine hall,
Pie-crust and pastry-crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes, — you ne'er saw the like!

Little Dickey Dilver
Had a wife of silver;
He took a stick and broke her back,
And threw her into the river!

Millery, millery, dustipoll,
How many sacks have you stole?
Four-and-twenty and a peck:
Hang the miller up by his neck!

Robin and Richard were two pretty men,
They lay in bed till the clock struck ten;
Then up starts Robin, and looks at the sky;
O ho, brother Richard, the sun's very high!

Leg over leg,
As the dog went to Dover;
When he came to a stile,
Jump he went over!

Hub-a-dub dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker,
The candlestick maker:
They all jumped out of a rotten potato.

I had a little pony,
His name was Dapple-gray;
I lent him to a lady,
To ride a mile away.

She whipped him, she slashed him,
She rode him through the mire;
I would not lend my pony now
For all the lady's hire.

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm;
She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married the bumble-bee;
Pipe, cat, — dance, mouse, —
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

Lazy Tom, with jacket blue,
Stole his father's gouty shoe.
The worst of harm that dad can wish him,
Is that his gouty shoe may fit him.

Little Miss Muffett
She sat on a buffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a black spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffett away.

There was a jolly miller
Lived on the River Dee;
He looked upon his pillow,
And there he saw a flea.
O ho, Mister Flea!
You have been biting me,
And you must die!
So he cracked his bones
Upon the stones,
And there he let him lie.

Hickery, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down;
Hickery, dickory, dock.

Old Sir Simon the king;
And young Sir Simon the squire;
And old Mistress Hickabout
Kicked Mistress Kickabout
Round about our coal fire.

Nellie, my sister, and I fell out.
And what do you think it was about?
She loved coffee and I loved tea.
And that was the reason we couldn't agree.

I'll sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it's as pretty as any;
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.

Deedle, deedle dumpling, my son John,
He went to bed with his stockings on;
One stocking off, and one stocking on,
Deedle, deedle dumpling, my son John.

Ride, baby, ride!
Pretty baby shall ride,
And have a little puppy-dog tied to her side,
And little pussy-cat tied to the other,
And away she shall ride to see her grandmother.
To see her grandmother,
To see her grandmother.

"Little lad, little lad,
Where were you born?"
"Far off in Lancashire, under a thorn
Where they sup buttermilk
With a ram's horn;
And a pumpkin scooped
With a yellow rim,
Is the bonny bowl they breakfast in."

There was a little boy and a little girl,
Who lived in Beacon Street;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Your name is Betsey Fleet."

Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What do you have to eat?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Nothing but pigs' feet."

Smiling girls, rosy boys,
Come and buy our little toys.
Monkeys made of gingerbread,
And sugar horses painted red.

I had a little dog, and they called him Buff;
I sent him to the shop for a cent's worth of snuff;
But he lost the bag, and spilled the snuff,
So take that cuff, and that's enough.

The cat sat asleep by the side of the fire;
The mistress snored loud as a pig;
Jack took up his fiddle by Jenny's desire,
And struck up a bit of a jig.

Old Mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat.
What they ate, I can't tell;
But 'tis known very well
That none of the party were fat.

One, two, buckle my shoe;
Three, four, shut the door;
Five, six, pick up sticks;
Seven, eight, lay them straight;
Nine, ten, a good fat hen;
Eleven, twelve, who will delve?
Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting;
Fifteen, sixteen, maids a-kissing;
Seventeen, eighteen, maids a-waiting;
Nineteen, twenty, my stomach's empty.

"Little girl, little girl, where have you been?"
"Gathering roses to give to the queen."
"Little girl, little girl, what did she give you?"
"She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe?"

Little Jack Jingle,
He used to live single;
But when he got tired of this kind of life,
He left off being single, and lived with his wife.

Kitty, the spinner, will sit down to dinner,
And eat the leg of a frog.
All good people look over the steeple,
And see the cat play with the dog.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife, and couldn't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another, and didn't love her;
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

Charley loves good cake and ale,
Charley loves good candy ;
Charley loves to kiss the girls,
When they are clean and handy.

As Tommy Snooks and Betsey Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Says Tommy Snooks to Betsey Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."

Who comes here?
A grenadier.
What do you want?
A pot of beer.
Where's your money?
I've forgot.
Get you gone,
You drunken sot!

The man in the moon drinks claret,
But he is a dull Jack-a-dandy.
Would he know a sheep's head from a carrot,
He should learn to drink cider and brandy.

Robert Barnes, fellow fine,
Can you shoe this horse of mine?
Yes, good sir, that I can,
As well as any other man;
Here a nail, there a prod,
And now, good sir, your horse is shod.

High, ding, straps of leather,
Two little puppy-dogs tied together;
One by the head and one by the tail:
And over the water these puppy-dogs sail.

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee
Resolved to have a battle;
For Tweedle-dum said Tweedle-dee
Had spoiled his nice new rattle.
Just then flew by a monstrous crow,
As big as a tar barrel,
Which frightened both the heroes so,
They quite forgot their quarrel.

Pease porridge hot,
Pease porridge cold;
Pease porridge in the pot,
Nine days old.
Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot,
Nine days old.

Bobby Shafto's gone to sea,
With silver buckles on his knee;
When he comes back he'll marry me;
Pretty Bobby Shafto.

Bobby Shafto's fat and fair,
Combing down his yellow hair;
He's my love forever more, —
Pretty Bobby Shafto.

What are little boys made of — made of?
What are little boys made of?
Snaps and snails, and puppy-dog's tails;
And that's what little boys are made of — made of.
What are little girls made of — made of?
Sugar and spice, and all that's nice;
And that's what little girls are made of — made of.

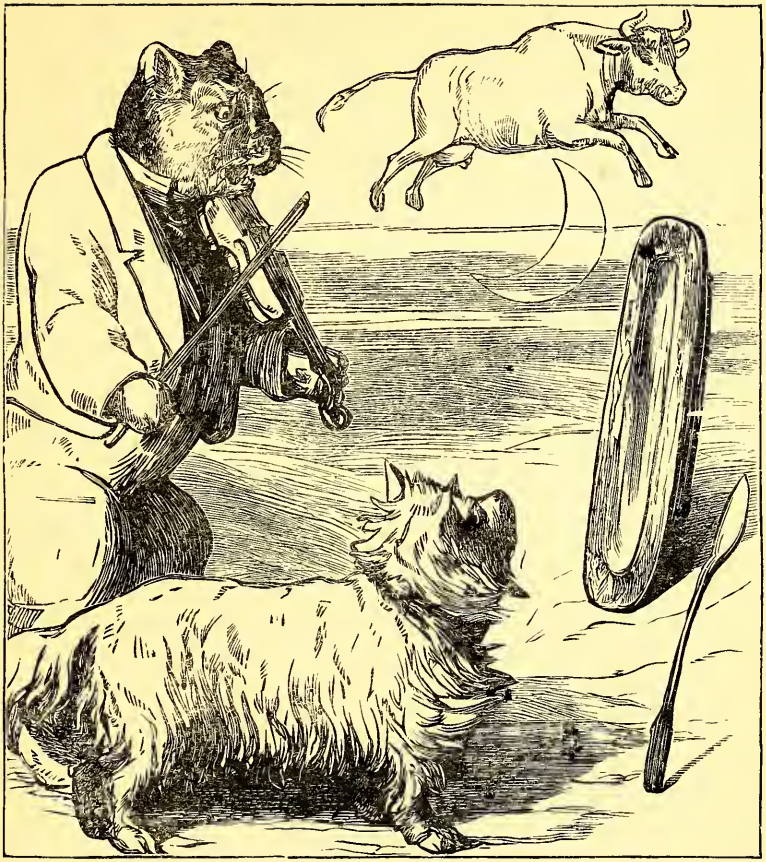
William and Mary, George and Ann,
Four such children had never a man;
They put their father to flight and shame,
And called their brother a shocking bad name.

There was an old woman of Leeds,
Who spent all her time in good deeds;
She worked for the poor,
Till her fingers were sore,
This pious old lady of Leeds.

Doctor Foster went to Gloucester,
In a shower of rain;
He stepped into a puddle up to his middle,
And never went there again.

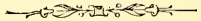
A little old man and I fell out;
How shall we bring this matter about?
Bring it about as well as you can.
Get you gone, you little old man!

Rock-a-bye baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king!



Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

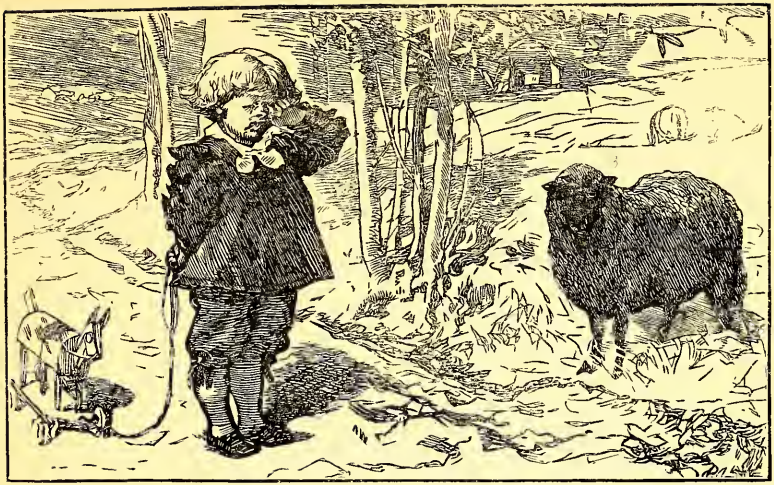
Elsie Marley is grown so fine,
She won't get up to serve the swine,
But lies in bed till eight or nine,
And surely she does take her time.



My maid Mary she minds her dairy,
While I go hoeing and mowing each morn;
Merrily run the reel, and the little spinning-wheel,
Whilst I am singing, and mowing my corn.

O, dear! what can the matter be?
Two old women got up in an apple tree;
One came down,
And the other staid till Saturday.

What is the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?
They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon.

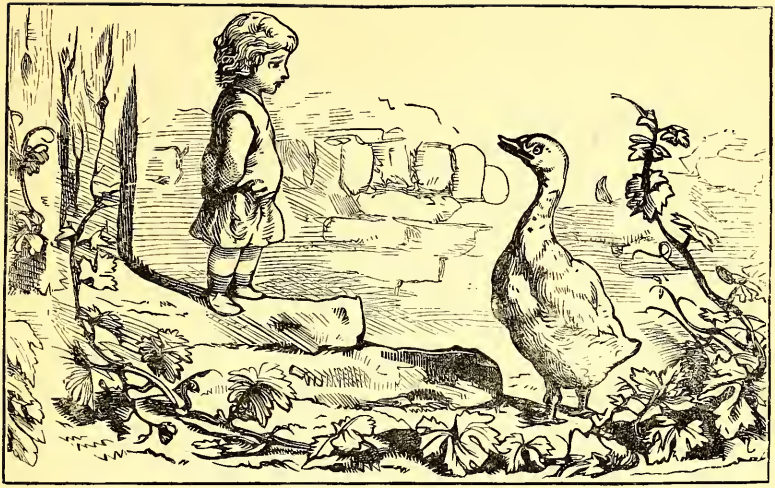


Baa! baa! black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Yes, marry, have I,
Three bags full:
One for my master,
And one for my dame,
But none for the little boy
Who cries in the lane.

Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.
One ran away;
The other wouldn't stay.
Tom Brown's two little Indian boys.

There was a man in our town,
And he was wondrous wise;
He jumped into a bramble-bush,
And scratched out both his eyes;
And when he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush,
And scratched them in again.

When I was a little boy I washed my mammy's dishes,
And now I am a great boy I roll in golden riches.



Goosey, goosey, gander,
Where shall I wander?
Up stairs, down stairs,
And in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old man,
That would not say his prayers;
I took him by the left leg,
And threw him down stairs!

Eggs, butter, bread,
Stick, stock, stone dead!
Stick him up, stick him down,
Stick him in the old man's crown.

Shoe the horse and shoe the mare,
But let the little colt go bare.

Robbin the Bobbin, the big-bellied Ben,
He eat more meat than fourscore men;
He eat a cow, he eat a calf,
He eat a butcher and a half;
He eat a church, he eat the steeple,
He eat the priest, and all the people;
And yet he complained his belly was not full!

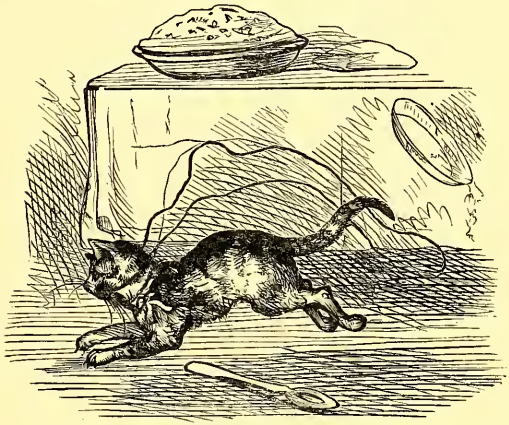
There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn't know what
to do:
She gave them some broth without any bread;
She whipped them all soundly, and sent them
to bed.

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon;
Where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"O whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To brush the cobwebs off the sky!
And I will be back again by and by."

The little girl in the lane, that couldn't speak plain,
Cried, "Gobble, gobble, gobble;"
The man on the hill, that couldn't stand still,
Went hobble, hobble, hobble.

As I went over the water,
The water went over me.
I saw two little blackbirds
Sitting on a tree.
The one called me a rascal,
The other called me a thief;
I took up my little black stick,
And knocked out all their teeth.



Sing, sing! What shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding-bag string.
Do, do! What shall I do?
The cat has bit it quite in two.

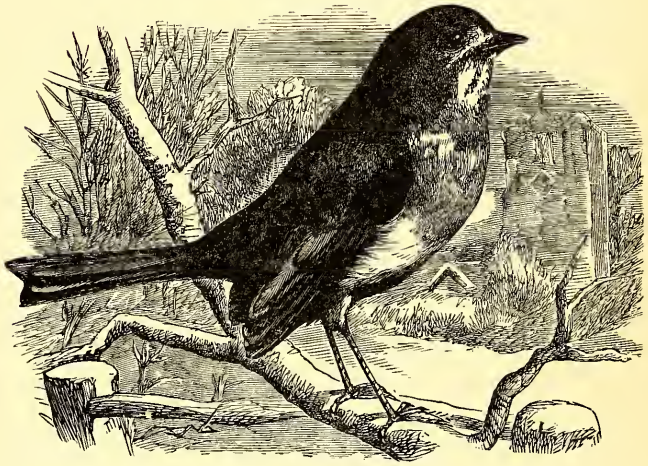
There was a piper had a cow,
And he'd no hay to give her;
He took his pipe and played a tune,
"Consider, cow, consider."

The cow considered very well,
For she gave the piper a penny,
That he might play the tune again,
Of "Corn rigs are bonnie."

As I went to Bonner,
I met a pig,
Without a wig,
Upon my word and honor.

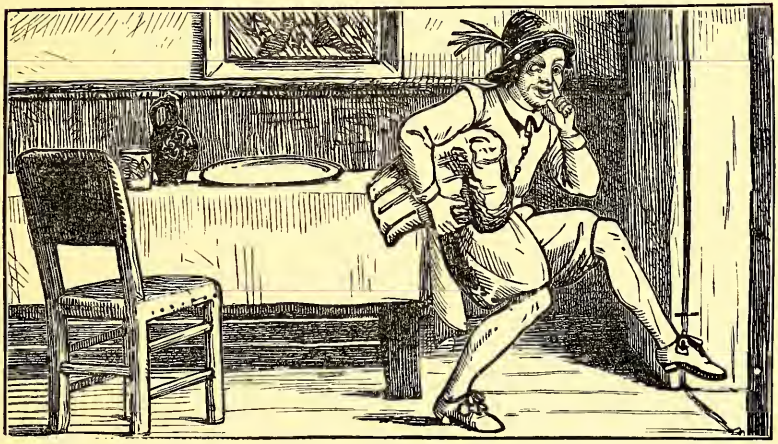
A-milking, a-milking, my maid:
Cow, take care of your heels, she said;
And you shall have some nice new hay,
If you'll quietly let me milk away.

Little Robin Redbreast
Sat upon a rail;
Niddle noddle went his head;
Niggle naggle went his tail.



As I was going o'er yon moor of moss,
I met a man on a gray horse;
He whipped and he waled.
I asked him what he ail'd?
He said he was going to his father's funeral,
Who d*y*ed seven years before he was born!

Milkman, milkman, where have you been?
In Buttermilk Channel, up to my chin.
I spilt my milk, and I spoilt my clothes,
And got a long icicle hung to my nose.

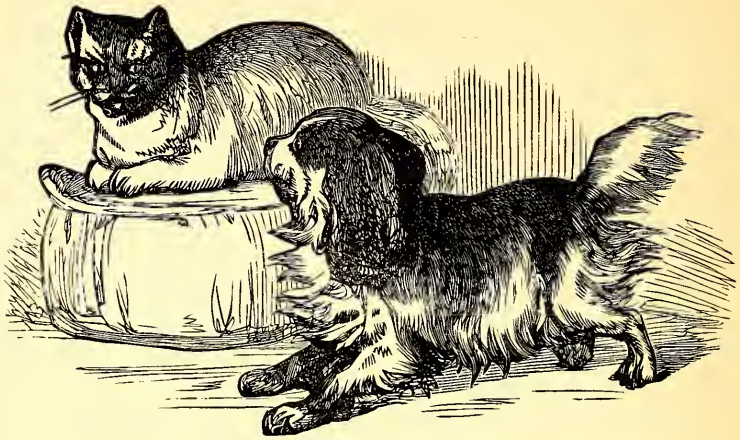


Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wan't at home;
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow bone.
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed;
I took the marrow bone, and beat about his head.

Tommy Trot, a man of law,
Sold his bed and lay upon straw;
Sold the straw and slept on grass,
To buy his wife a looking-glass.

Up in the green orchard there is a green tree,
The finest of pippins that ever you see;
The apples are ripe and ready to fall,
And Willie and Arthur shall gather them all.

Some little mice sat in a barn to spin;
Pussy came by, and popped her head in:
"Shall I come in, and cut your threads off?"
"O, no, kind sir, you will snap our heads off!"



Pussy sits beside the fire. How can she be fair?
In walks a little doggy: "Pussy, are you there?
So, so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how you do?"
"Thank you, thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now."

A pretty little girl, in a round-eared cap,
I met in the streets t'other day.
She gave me such a thump
That my heart it went bump, —
I thought I should have fainted away,
I thought I should have fainted away.

To market, to market, to buy a fat pig;
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
To market, to market to buy a fat hog;
Home again, home again, jiggety jog.

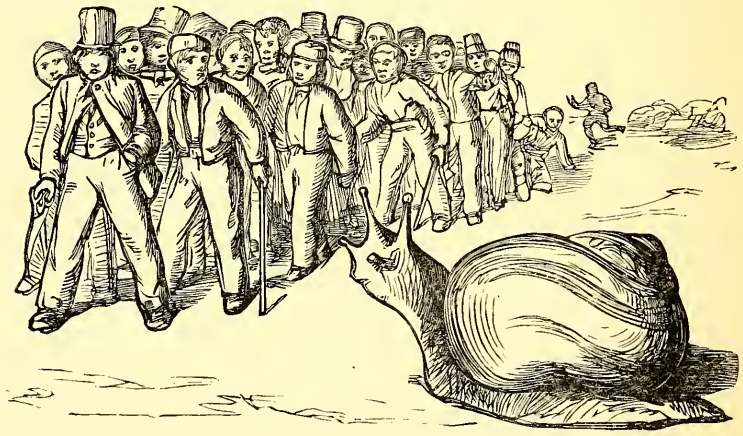
Ho! Master Teague, what is your story?
I went to the wood, and killed a Tory;
I went to the wood, and killed another:
Was it the same, or was it his brother?
I hunted him in, and I hunted him out,
Three times through the bog, about and about;
When out of a bush I saw his head,
So I fired my gun, and I shot him dead.

Little Dick he was so quick,
He tumbled over a timber stick.
He bent his bow to shoot a crow,
But shot poor puss in the window.

Jack in the pulpit, out and in,
Sold his wife for a minikin pin.

There was an old woman sat spinning,
And that's the first beginning.
She had a calf,
And that's half;
She took it by the tail,
And threw it over the wall,
And that's all.

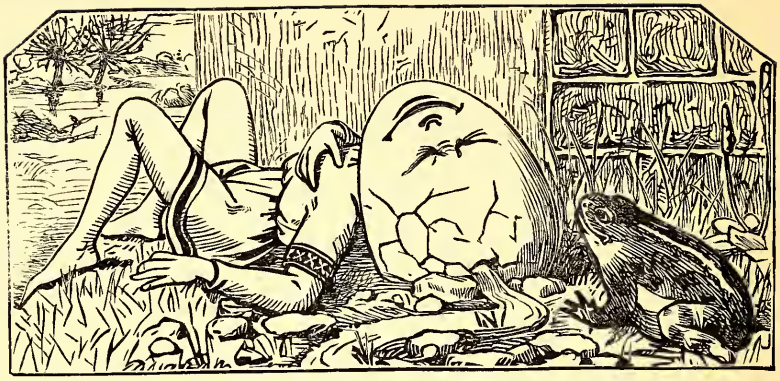
Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day.
As it fell out, they all fell in;
The rest they ran away.
Now, had these children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousand pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.



Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail;
The best man among them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow.
Run, tailors, run, or she'll kill you all e'en now!

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,
He found a crooked sixpence against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

We're all in the dumps,
For diamonds are trumps;
The kittens are gone to St. Paul's!
The babies are bit,
The moon's in a fit,
And the houses are built without walls.



Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
Threescore men, and threescore more,
Can't place Humpty Dumpty as he was before.

Little Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree,
Up went a Pussy-cat, and down went he;
Down came the Pussy-cat, away Robin ran:
Says little Robin Redbreast, "Catch me if you can."
Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon the wall,
Pussy-cat jumped after him, and got a nice fall;
Little Robin chirped and sang, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy-cat said, "Mew, mew," and Robin flew away.

Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes!
Her mother came and caught her,
And whipped her little daughter,
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

Away, birds, away;
Take a little, leave a little,
And do not come again;
For if you do,
I will shoot you through!
That will be the end of you.

Little Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

Birds of a feather flock together,
And so will pigs and swine;
Rats and mice will have their choice,
And so will I have mine.

See, see! What shall we see?
Little Jackey shall have a new master;
Little Jackey shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

A duck and a drake,
A nice barley cake,
With a penny to pay the old baker;
A hop and a scotch
Is another notch;
Slitherum, slatherum, take her.

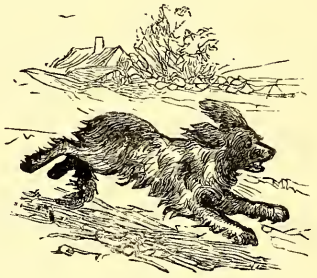
Punch and Judy fought for a pie,
Punch gave Judy a sad blow on the eye.

Awake, arise, pull out your eyes,
And hear what time of day;
And when you have done, pull out your tongue,
And see what you can say.

Doodle, doodle, doo,
The princess has lost her shoe!
Her highness hopped,
The fiddler stopped,
Not knowing what to do.

Pit-pat, well-a-day!
Little Robin flew away.
Where can little Robin be?
Gone into the cherry tree.

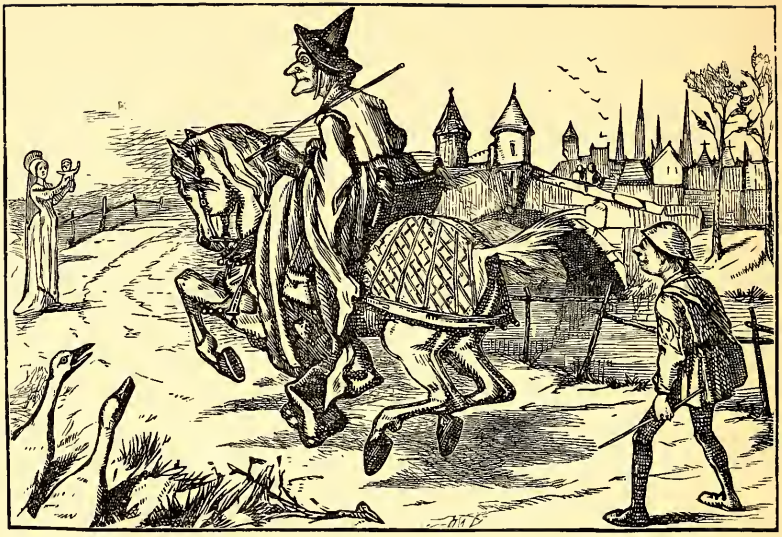
Doctor Faustus was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then.
When he whipped them, he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,
Out of France into Spain;
And then he whipped them back again!



Ding, dong, darrow,
The cat and the sparrow.
The little dog has burned his tail,
And he shall be hanged to-morrow.

As I was going up the hill,
I met with Jack the piper,
And all the tune that he could play,
Was, "Tie up your petticoats tighter."

I tied them once, I tied them twice,
I tied them three times over;
And all the song that he could sing
Was, "Carry me safe to Dover."



Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross,
To see an old lady upon a white horse;
Rings on her fingers, and bells on her toes,
She will make music wherever she goes.

Little Tommy Grace
Had a pain in his face,
So bad that he could not learn a letter,
When in came Dickey Long,
Singing such a funny song,
Tommy laughed, and found his face much better.

Bonny lass! bonny lass! will you be mine?
You shall neither wash dishes nor serve the wine,
But sit on a cushion, and sew up a seam;
And you shall have strawberries, sugar, and cream.

There was a mad man,
And he had a mad wife,
And they lived in a mad lane!
They had three children all at a birth,
And they too were mad every one!
The father was mad,
The mother was mad,
The children all mad beside!
And upon a mad horse they all of them got.
And madly away did ride!

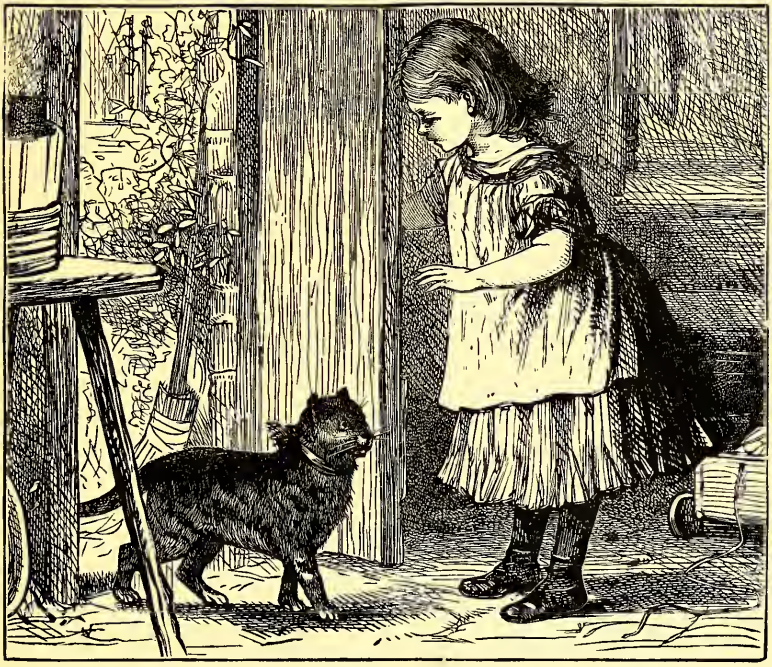
The King of France went up the hill
With twenty thousand men;
The King of France came down the hill,
And ne'er went up again.

Mary, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
Silver bells, and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

Bye, baby bunting,
Daddy's gone a hunting,
To get a little rabbit's skin
To wrap the baby bunting in!

Once in my life I married a wife,
And where do you think I found her?
On Gretna Green, in a velvet sheen,
And I took up a stick to pound her.
She jumped over a barberry-bush,
And I jumped over a timber;
I showed her a gay gold ring,
And she showed me her finger!

O, the little rusty, dusty, rusty miller!
I'll not change my wife for either gold or siller.



Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, where have you been?
Iv'e been to London to see the Queen.
Pussy-cat, Pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under the chair.

Little Betty Blue
Lost her Sunday shoe.
What can little Betty do?
Give her another,
To match the other,
And then she may walk in two!

Pussy cat eat the dumplings, the dumplings;
Pussy cat eat the dumplings.
Mamma stood by,
And cried, Oh, fie!
Why did you eat the dumplings?

THE MOTHER GOOSE MELODIES can be illustrated by pantomime and tableaux in a manner interesting to old and young. This can be made quite effective for an evening's entertainment, particularly where there are parlors with folding doors, by erecting a platform in the back parlor, and fastening a curtain to standards at the back of the platform, thus affording a dressing-room behind the scenes for the actors. Several small evergreen trees, inserted into blocks of wood covered with green cambric, and placed irregularly in the background, give a pleasant rural appearance to it, and can be retained through all the scenes.

The person who represents Mother Goose should be able to sing, and should have a piano accompaniment, the piano and player being placed somewhere out of sight of the audience. The old lady wears a short red skirt, with high-colored, large-figured overdress, looped up all around, a long-pointed bodice, short flowing sleeves, striped stockings, low pointed slippers with high heels, a white cap with broad frill, over this a black hat running to a point about a foot high, with a large buckle in front, a small round black cape over one shoulder. She carries a cane and wears glasses.

Everything being ready, a little bell rings behind the scenes,

and as the doors unfold, or curtain rises, Mother Goose is seen hobbling in, repeating, —

"Ring the bell and raise the curtain;
I'm Mother Goose, and that is certain."

She then advances to the front and repeats her prologue: —

You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage;
But I'm the children's laureate poet,
And hope my years will ne'er outgrow it.
I trust, dear friends, you remember me,
The jolly friend of your infancy,
I've rocked your cradle times without number;
My "Lullaby, Baby," soothed you to slumber;
"Patty cake, patty cake," taught you to frolic,
And "High-diddle-diddle" charmed away colic,
I've held you all in my wide-spread arms,
And cheered you by the many charms
Of song and story, which I've related,
And time has never antiquated.
The little pet with unsoiled feet
All rose and dimpled, soft and sweet,
The wasted child of want and woe,
All loved my music long ago;
And just as fresh and new to-day
Is "Little Boy Blue" asleep in the hay;
Or "Jacky Horner," or "Tommy Tucker,"
Like any boy who wants his supper.

And generations yet unborn
Will greet me in their early morn;
I'll sing to them the self-same lays
I sang to you in earlier days.
And now, before I mount my gander,
Through many distant lands to wander,
I place my subjects on the stage,
Which Uncle Willis makes the rage,
And show to you in pantomime
Those scenes which please in every clime.
Such proofs they are t'will be no use
To pretend not to recognize *me* — Mother Goose.

The doors immediately close, and preparations are made as quick as possible for the first tableau, which may be Mistress Mary. Upon the shrubbery at the back of the platform can be fastened quickly, by wires, paper roses and little bells. Ranged in front of the shrubbery stand, in graceful postures, six or eight young girls, in short white dresses, with different colored trimmings — one with a scarlet bodice and sash, another with green, then blue, purple, yellow, and pink, each with high-heeled slippers, trimmed with large paper rosettes the color of the dress trimmings. In front of these, stands another young girl dressed in white, with scarlet or green over-skirt, a little straw hat trimmed with roses, upon one side of her head. Shells of all descriptions are placed in sight upon the platform. As the doors open, Mother Goose is seen standing at the right of the figures, singing the words "Mistress Mary," &c. At the third line little bells are heard tinkling in the distance, and all the young

girls nod their heads. As the singing ceases, the doors immediately close.

The roses, bells, and shells having been hastily taken away, we will prepare for "Ding-dong-bell," by placing in the centre of the stage a small well, made in this simple manner. Take the small end off from a high dry goods box, set it on the other end, then make a frame of two upright pieces of wood fastened to opposite sides of the box and joined by a cross-piece at the top, around which coil a rope attached to a bucket in the box or well. Three or four small children, with sorrowful faces, should stand around this well, one conspicuous as Little Johnny Green, peering over the side. At a little distance a large boy (artificially large) is seen fishing with a rod from the side of the stage. As Ding-dong-bell is sung, three heavy strokes of a bell should be heard in the distance. At "who took her out?" the large boy drops his rod, hastens to the well, takes hold of the rope, and draws up the bucket, in which appears a stuffed cat, at sight of which the children's faces light up, they laugh and clap their hands over their recovered favorite, and the curtain closes amid the general glee.

### "Four-and-twenty Blackbirds Baked in a Pie."

This play is in two scenes. The pie can be made by taking a large earthen dish, and covering it with tough pastry, and baking it. Common stuffed blackbirds, or the semblance of them, cut out of black cloth and wired, are then fastened to the top of the pastry with hair pins, the largest birds in the centre. A cover of any kind is placed over this, and it is put upon a small

table in the centre of the stage, at which are seated the king and queen — the former in some military costume, with sword, wig, and crown; the queen in a rich-colored dress trimmed with ermine, and ermine mantle — this can be simply and easily made by painting black spots upon cotton flannel to look like ermine, — a broad frill around her neck, a necklace of pearl beads, also a small crown made of gilt paper. A servant stands behind each chair, and at the proper time, "when the pie is opened," one of them raises the cover, the birds instantly begin to sing by means of quill whistles blown in water behind the scenes. The king and queen start up in surprise, and at the end of that verse the curtain drops.

As quick as possible it rises again for the next scene, where the king is seen "counting out his money" at the table; "the queen," in a common wooden chair, her feet upon a cricket at one corner of the stage, "is eating bread and honey" from a saucer in her hand; and back among the shrubbery is a girl dressed like a washerwoman hanging a line from tree to tree, shaking out clothes and hanging them upon the line. Just as the old lady sings the word "Nose," the curtain drops.

### "Bonny Lass, Bonny Lass."

This is very simple. A young lady is seen seated in a chair sewing up a seam, while a young gentleman kneels at her feet or bends over her in a very beseeching manner. At the beginning of the last line, a servant enters upon the stage and offers the lady strawberries, sugar, and cream, which he has upon a tray. She looks assent as the scene ends.

"Old Man in Leather."

This must be as comical as the actors can make it. The old man must be clothed in common skins, such as he can get at a shoemaker's. These skins, without being cut, are tied around his body and limbs. He wears an old hat, carries a cane, and is very feeble. The old woman appears in the oldest old woman's costume she can procure. As the music proceeds they advance slowly towards each other from opposite sides of the stage, looking very much pleased, and shake hands until the song is through.

"Little Bo-peep."

Throw a piece of green cloth over a pile of cushions, to form a little elevation upon the stage, and strew pieces of evergreen all around. Little Bo-peep — a little girl dressed in short blue skirt and white waist, long light hair and hat trimmed with roses — reclines partly on this elevation, sleeping; her crook by her side, her sheep feeding in the distance. The appearance of sheep can be easily produced by drawing a piece of white cloth, about a yard square, over a wooden frame. Upon this, sketch in charcoal a flock of sheep, and set the frame in among the shrubbery, so that the frame cannot be seen, only the white of the sheep. At the proper time in the song, Bo-peep rises, rubs her eyes, then shades them from the light with her hand. As soon as she discovers them and goes towards them, the doors close.

"Simple Simon."

This play is very good as the closing one, because it brings in all the figures. A country fair is represented, at which is seen,

on one side of the stage, an old woman telling the fortune of a young girl, and very near them an organ-grinder with a little girl and tambourine. If a tambourine cannot be procured, something to have the same effect can be easily improvised. The organ can be made of a box with green cloth cover and handle. They simply go through the motions of performers, without any sound. On the other side of the stage, boys dressed something like Zouaves, with Turkish trousers, and caps with long tassels, act the part of jugglers; some seated on the ground balancing poles, others standing and tossing up balls. In the midst of these groups is the Pie-man, with long white apron, and a tray of pies hung round his neck. These pies can be made of stiff brown paper. Simple Simon must look and appear as much like an idiot as possible. And as "Indeed, I have not any," is sung, he snatches a pie and runs; the pie-man attempts to catch him, causing general confusion; and the scene ends.

Great attention should be paid to lighting up these scenes properly. Foot-lights are necessary.

There are many other ways of delineating Mother Goose's Melodies in an attractive manner. The old dame calls up the characters which she has entertained us with so long in song and story, and they appear before her.

Erect a stage as for *tableaux*. On one side, towards the front of it, place a small hay-stack. In the centre of the stage must be a large, old-fashioned chair for Mother Goose. She should be dressed much like the picture on the cover of this book, with an open book in her lap, and a cane. In obedience to a tap upon

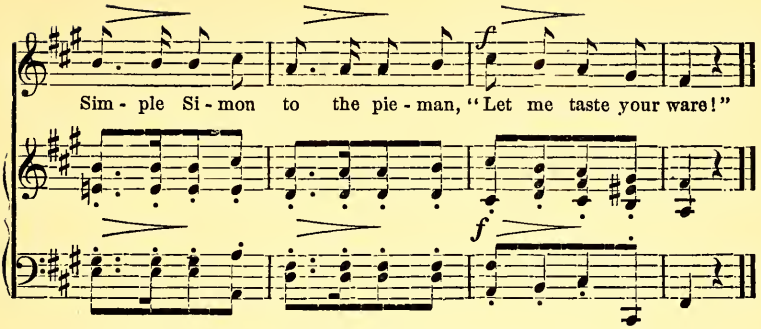
the floor with her cane, Jacky Horner appears upon the stage, his pie in his hand. He repeats the story of Jacky Horner in a pompous manner, takes the plum from his pie, and then retires to the back or side of the stage, and remains motionless until the close of the performance. Another tap of the cane brings up Jack Sprat and his wife, with an empty dish between them. They relate their history, and pass also to the back of the stage. Another call brings up Little Boy Blue from behind the hay-stack; he comes blowing his horn, and telling his tale, and passes on like the others. Then comes Old King Cole with his fiddlers three, the king in crown and suitable costume. These figures all come with their fiddles, and either sing — which is desirable — or repeat, in a sing-song manner, their song of Old King Cole, going through the motions of performing on their instruments. If they can sing, all the figures on the stage can join with them. Consequently this should come in near the last of the performance. The Old Woman of Babylon comes with her children, dressed in quaint, ragged costume. The Bonny Lass and her Lover, and so on, according to the patience of the delineator. These characters, after performing their parts, as they retire to the back or side of the stage, must so arrange themselves at the time as to form a fine *tableau* at the close. Then all sing together, "Should auld acquaintance," &c., which closes the affair.

A Mother Goose party is very amusing, where each person selects a character from the book to personate, and carries out the spirit of it as much as possible — Little Miss Muffit, timid and frightened at everything, and so on. These hints can be greatly enlarged and improved upon, according to the taste of the actors.

Allegretto moderato.
Ding, dong, bell, Pus-sy's in the well! Who put her in?
8ves
piu lento.
Little Johnny Green; Who pull'd her out? Little Tommy Trout. What a
8ves
piu lento.
Affetuoso.
rall.
naugh-ty boy was that To drown poor Pus-sy Cat.
pp e sosten.
colla voce.

# MISTRESS MARY.

# SIMPLE SIMON.



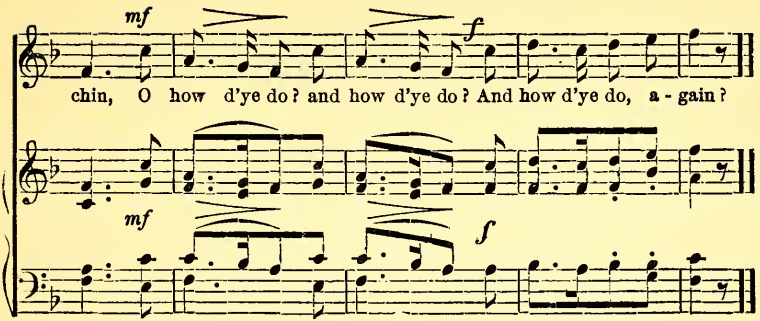

## LITTLE BO-PEEP.

*Andante quasi Allegretto.*

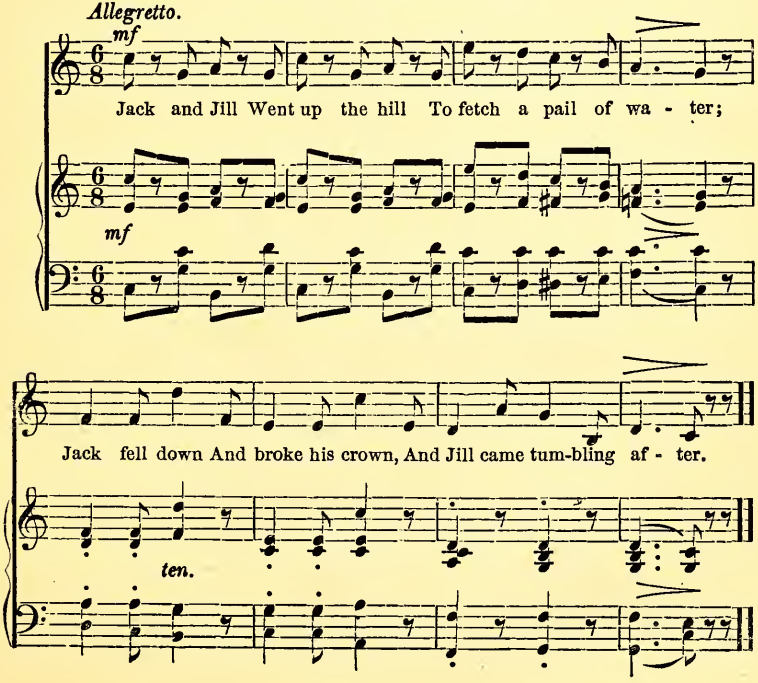
Andante.
p
Cur - ly locks! cur - ly locks: wilt thou be mine? Thou
p e sostenuto
p
cresc.
shalt not wash dish-es, nor yet feed the swine; But sit on a cushion, and
fz
p
f
p
sew a fine seam, And feast upon strawberries, sugar and cream.
cresc.
f
p

Allegretto.
mf
Sing a song of Six - pence, A pock - et full of Rye;
mf
Four-and-twenty Blackbirds Bak'd in a Pie: When the Pie was open'd, The
Birds began to sing; Wasn't that a dain-ty dish To set be-fore a King?

Moderato.
mf
One mist - y, moist - y morn - ing, When cloud- y was the
wea - ther, Oh, there I met an old man, Cloth- ed all in
f
mp
lea - ther; Cloth- ed all in lea - ther, With cap un - der his




## JACK AND JILL.


Allegretto.
mf
Jack and Jill Went up the hill To fetch a pail of wa - ter;
mf
Jack fell down And broke his crown, And Jill came tum-bling af - ter.
ten.

Allegro.
mf
Dick - o - ry, dick - o - ry, dock; The
mf
L. H.
fz
mouse ran up the clock; The clock struck One, The
ten.
fz
mouse ran down; Dick - o - ry, dick - o - ry, dock.
ten
p
fz

Allegretto con moto.
mf
Lit - tle Jack Horn - er Sat in a cor - ner,
mf
8ves
Eat - ing a Christ - mas pie; He put in his thumb, And
f rit. ad lib.
pull'd out a plum, And said, "What a good boy am I!"
f

Allegretto.
p
Hump - ty Dump - ty sat on a wall, Hump - ty Dump - ty
p
cresc.
had a great fall; All the king's horses, and all the king's men
cresc.
cresc.
p
Couldn't put Hump - ty Dump - ty to - geth - er a - gain.
p ten. ten. fz fp

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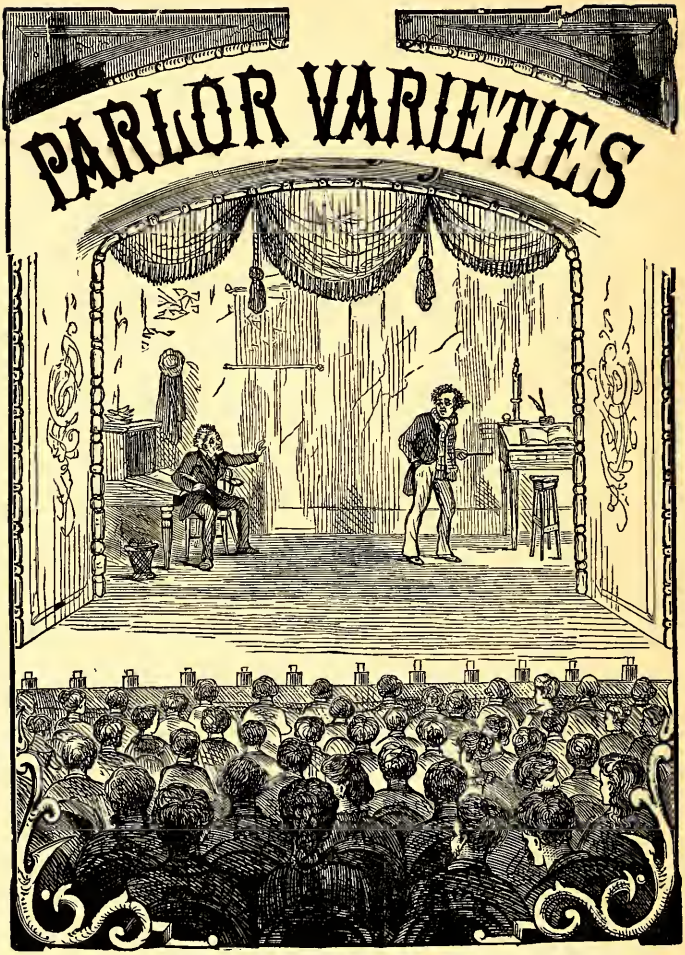


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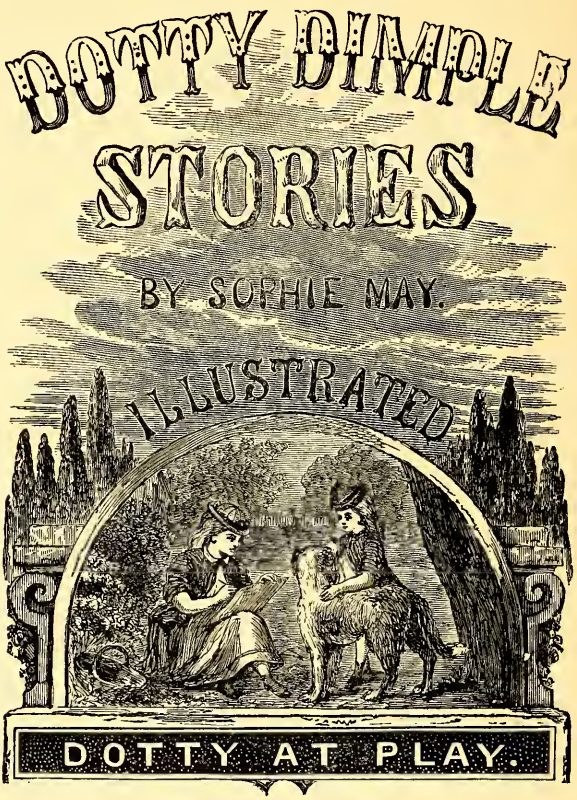


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